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Wrentham?

Shoreham  
Vt.



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My dear Brother, & Sister,

I am now alone in ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> most painful sense of the word—alone in my room—alone when abroad—alone when awake—alone when asleep. That pleasant countenance, which formerly dispelled the melancholy of my mind, has already withered—that voice, which so often was raised in prayer, is silent—that heart which cherished sentiments of the warmest friendship, & the most filial tenderness is cold in death. I have just visited his lonely grave, & uttered again farewell, to his sacred dust. When did earth contain a more precious treasure! When was nipped a more pleasant flower! Come mingle tears with me, for he was very ple lonely in my sight. He loved his earthly friends, & relatives, but he loved heaven better. Raised above all terrestrial scenes my weeping eyes traced his rapid flight to the new Jerusalem. As he entered, I saw him look back with a smile, which seemed to say, "come hither". Now his countenance glourishes with immortal bloom—his voice joins harmonious in the anthems of praise—his heart touched with the fire of eternal love kindled into a pure and unquenchable flame. In view of his joyful triumph over death, I find that support, which destroys the ignorance of grief, & renders the burden supportable. To weep ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> him, would be tears in vain. Sin & sorrow, he left behind; yes, I saw him struggling with them, till he overcame, & fled to receive his crown. Already his views of God have extended beyond all possible conception. Instructed by Him, whose "understanding is infinite", he is able to comprehend what is the length, & breadth of the love of Christ; to trace the various operations of providence to their great source, & to discover the wisdom & goodness <sup>of God</sup> in all the works of his hand. He no longer wonders that the Christian's cup is mingled with wormwood, & gall, that they travel thro' great tribulation to their heavenly home. He no longer grieves at the prosperity of sinners, for he sees their end. See him casting his crown at feet of Jesus, and crying, with the millions around him, "Worthy is the Lamb to receive glory, & honour". I am filled with wonder, & delight when I consider the sweetnefs of his employment, the greatness of his mind. O could I hear him sing one note in that eternal song, could I see him once bend the knee before the throne of God, I could sigh & grieve no more!



A few weeks since br. Perry, and myself, were engaged in the same pursuits. But now, <sup>how</sup> different! I sigh, while he sings; I am weak, but he is strong. I am struggling with dangerous foes, while he is rejoicing in his victory, & glorying in his crown. O may I not hope to see him yet again, & mingle with him in the multitude of the Redeemed? O, for a crown only to cast it at the feet of Jesus with him.

This affliction has effectually taught me, that earthly proffered pleasures, & joys, are but an empty shadow destined to escape the grasp of the eager pursuers. Whose prospects of future enjoyment could have been more flattering than mine own? How frequently does my weary spirit look to that rest, which remaineth for the people of God! Do you forget me, my friends, while partaking of the very dregs of affliction? I certainly need all the consolation which your prayers may afford.

I have this evening returned from the ordination of the missionaries. Excuse me if I state a few particulars of this interesting day. At half past 6 in the morning the people assembled for a general prayer meeting for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our Churches. I believe, that the Lord heard, & will answer. For the fervency of the prayers, & the solemnity of the people, indicated special favours. At 8 the candidates were examined, & approbated. I attended the examination, & was not a little interested by the proceedings of the council. The exercises of the ordination were arranged in the following order, Introductory prayer by Dr. Morse—Sermon by Dr. Worcester—Consecrating prayer by Dr. Spring—Charge by Dr. Dana—Right hand of Fellowship—Rev. Mr. Edwards—Concluding prayer by Mr. Cuyam.

The day was pleasant: the assembly numerous & solemn. Every exercise was performed with peculiar solemnity, & tenderness. The missionaries wept, & the assembly mingled tears with them when the parting address was given. "Go, says Dr. Dana, with the companions of your bosom, cross the tempestuous ocean, proclaim, in the ears of perishing millions, the news of salvation, & be ye faithful to death." "Go into the regions of darkness & ignorance, & diffuse the light of the Gospel." O what mingled emotions of joy & sorrow filled my breast at the closing scene!

Could you have been there, & heard the wretched state of pagan Asia described, you would have said to me, go with them, & by the assistance of God, break their iron fetters, liberate their enslaved minds, & proclaim the freedom of the Gospel! I doubt not, but that it was the language of every pious heart, "O that I could give them the bread of life!" Such scenes are calculated to impress upon the Christians mind, <sup>impress</sup> not only of foreign, but of domestic missions; not only of our duty to Asia, but to the



churches of our particular charge. Let me ask you, my brother, does not the cry of the perishing millions around the world, often prompt you to greater exertions in your own sphere? Does not the unmeasured zeal of many of our brethren for the souls of the heathen quicken your spirit in the discharge of the ministerial duties? I ask for no other evidence of the propriety of foreign missions. It is, in my view an indisputable fact, that foreign & domestic missions move together. The greater are the exertions abroad, the greater will they be at home. I am satisfied that the east, and west will be enlightened, ~~at the same time~~. Else why has our western world been so long, & so criminally neglected? When no money was expended in the east, why was it not expended in the west? But it is, since the rich have contributed for the promulgation of the gospel in Asia, that the inhospitable regions of Kentucky, Mississippi, New Orleans & Missouri have been explored by christian missionaries from New England. More are disposed from this seminary to labour in the west, since some are labouring in the east. It is not this the fact with the christian public in general? Do not understand me that I intend to engage in that cause, I find many things which at present, & perhaps always will prevent; but I speak the language of my heart, the language of reflection. I hope always to be an advocate of foreign missions altho I should spend my days in Vermont. I forgot to mention that after the ordination services were concluded, the sacrament was administered to a multitude of communicants. It was a pentecost season. There were, perhaps, a 100 spectators, who witnessed this interesting scene, with a serious apprehension of their final doom. At the close the B. H. III sang, "We long to see thy churches full!" The Professors often speak of the millennium as now in view. God, by visiting our colleges, is saying "my vineyard shall soon be cultivated." I hope that the little spot committed to your care will be frequently refreshed by showers from heaven. There is not a mighty work already commenced, & are not souls now gathering to Christ? God certainly will visit you, for his faithfulness never fails.

My health, I am happy to say, is improving. It is however so delicate that I declined writing the Eulogy of my deceased friend, altho I was almost forced to it. The subject is of such an interesting, & yet painful nature that more than common fortitude would be needed. Br. Wilcox delivers it. But, my friends, since all my expectations of future enjoyment seemed to be cut off, I have been led to seek a more durable pleasure. Death has been brought near, & I contemplate it, I trust, without a fear. Should I be prevented from engaging in the pleasing employment, which I have so long contemplated, by an early death, or by a general debility, I could not indulge a murmuring thought. My feelings with respect to this subject are essentially different of late. Conversing with death

July 3. I wrote to my Father not long since respecting  
the expediency of journeying to Vermont soon for my health,  
but I am happy to inform you that I am again restored  
to my studies. I hope, by constant exercise, more especially  
by the blessing of heaven, to be continued in this delightful  
employment of searching the Scriptures. I anticipate  
with ~~believe~~ not without foundation, the speedy return of  
confirmed health. My subject for discussion at our  
final examination in Sept. is Immanuel. See Matt 1:23  
My love to Father. I am deeply interested in his spiritual  
<sup>good</sup> ~~interests~~. Remember me to Mr. H. & family. I am obliged to write  
as few letters as possible else I should have written them



renders it pleasant & desirable! The time may come  
when I can tell you more than this sheet contains. To that  
period, I look forward with joy, but not with anxiety. Should  
death intervene, it would, I humbly hope, be well for us  
all. O my sister, be intimate with death. Look at it  
earnestly, & prayerfully, & religion will strip it of its fright-  
ful form. It is only the gate to glory, attended by angels,  
& by Jesus Christ himself. Who fears to go where Jesus is? None  
but the guilty sinner! Guilt makes gives a sting to the hour  
of departure.

Yours  
affectionately L.P.

{ The letter to my Mother  
you will forward when  
convenient.

The Junior Class are much engaged for our Western States,  
perhaps 6 or 8 will spend their lives among them. And can  
we not spare some likewise for Asia? July 6. The eulogy was as well  
written, well delivered, & well received. In August Panoplist you  
may see the life of this dear young man, written by Prof. Stuart. He has  
delivered a sermon on the occasion from I Cor 15:55